POEMS:

BY

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Gent

Viz.
- The Hermaphrodite.
- The Remedie of Love
- Elegies.
- Sonnets; with other Poems.

LONDON,
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1640.

To the worſhipfull ROBERT DUCIE, *of Aſton in the County of Stafford Eſq; Sonne to Sir* ROBERT DUCIE *Knight and Baronet deceaſed.*

WEre theſe but worthleſſe Poems or light Rimes
Writ by ſome common ſcribler of the times,
Without your leave I durſt not then ingage
You, to ennoble 'm by your patronage;
But theſe though Orphans, and left fatherleſſe,
Their rich indowments ſhow they doe poſſeſſe
A Fathers bleſſing; whom the fates thought fit
To make the Maſter of a Mine of wit:
Whoſe raviſh'ng conceits doe towre ſo high,
As if his quill had dropt from *Mercury*:
But when his fancy chanc't of love to ſing;
You'd ſweare his pen were plum'd from *Cupids* wing:
Hee'd th an morous paſſion ſo diſcover,
As if (ſave *Beaumont*) none had ere been lover:
Some praiſe a manly bounty, ſome incline
More to applaud the vertues feminine,

Some, ſeverall graces in both ſexes hid;
But only *Beaumont's* he alone that did
By a rare ſtratagem of wit connex,
What's choyce and excellent in either ſex.
Then cheriſh (Sir) theſe Saplings, whoſe each ſtraine,
Speakes them the iſſue of brave *Beaumonts* braine;
Which made me thus dare to prefix your name,
Which will if ought can, adde unto their fame.

I am

Sir

Your moſt humble and
devoted Servant,

LAURENCE BLAIKELOCKE.

To the true Patroneſſe of all Poetrie, *CALIOPE.*

IT is a ſtatute in deep wiſdoms lore,
That for his lines none ſhould a patron chuſe,
By wealth or poverty, by leſſe or more,
But who the ſame is able to peruſe:
Nor ought a man his labours dedicate,
Without a true and ſenſible deſert,
To any power of ſuch a mighty ſtate:
But ſuch a wiſe defendreſſe as thou art;
Thou great and powerfull Muſe, then pardon mee,
That I preſume thy maiden cheeke to ſtaine,
In dedicating ſuch a worke to thee,
Sprung from the iſſue of an idle braine:
I uſe thee as a woman ought to bee,
I conſecrate my idle houres to thee.

F. B.

In laudem Authoris.

Like to the weake eſtate of a poore friend,
To whom ſweet fortune hath been ever ſlow,
Which daily doth that happy houre attend
When his poore ſtate may his affection ſhew:
So fares my love, not able as the reſt,
To chaunt thy prayſes in a lofty vaine;
Yet my poore muſe, doth vow to doe her beſt,
And wanting wings ſhee'l tread an humble ſtraine;
I thought at firſt her homely ſteps to raiſe,
And for ſome blazing Epethites to looke:
But then I fear'd that by ſuch wond'rous praiſe,
Some men would grow ſuſpitious of thy booke:
For he that doth thy due deſerts rehearſe,
Derives that glory from thy worthy verſe.

W. B.

To the Authour.

Either the goddeſſe drawes her troopes of loves,
From Paphos, *where ſhe erſt was held divine,*
And doth unyoke her tender necked doves,
Placing her ſeat in this ſmall pap'ryſhrine,
Or the ſweet graces through th' Idalian grove,
Led the beſt Authour in their danced rings,
Or wanton Nimphs in watry bowers have wove,
With faire Myleſian *threds, the verſe he ſings,*
Or curious Pallas *once againe doth ſtrive*
With proud Arachue, *for illuſtrious glory,*
And once againe doth loves of Gods revive;
Spinning in ſilver twiſts a laſting ſtory:
If none of theſe then Venus *choſe his ſight,*
To lead the ſteps of her blinde ſon aright.

J. B.

To the Author.

THE matchleſſe luſt of a faire poeſie,
Which was erſt buried in old Romes decayes;
Now 'gins with height of riſing Majeſty,
Her duſt wrapt head from rotten Tombe to raiſe,
And with freſh ſplendor gilds her fearleſſe creſt,
Rearing her Pallace in our Poets breſt.
The wanton Ovid, whoſe intiſing rimes
Have with attractive wonder forc't attention
No more ſhalbe admir'd at: for theſe times
Produce a Poet whoſe more rare invention,
Will teare the love ſick Mirtle from his browes,
T' adorn his temple with deſerved boughes.
The ſtrongeſt Marble feares the ſmalleſt rain,
The ruſting canker eats the pureſt gold,
Honors beſt dye dreads envyes blackeſt ſtaine,
The crimſon badge of beautie muſt wax old:
But this faire iſſue of thy fruitfull braine,
Nor dreads age, envy, cankring, ruſt or rain.

I. F.

The Author to the Reader.

I *Sing the fortune of a luckleſſe paire,*
Whoſe ſpotleſſe ſouls now in one body bee;
For beautie ſtill is Prodromus *to care,*
Croſt by the ſad ſtars of nativitie:
And of the ſtrange inchantment of a well,
Given by the Gods; my ſportive Muſe doth write,
Which ſweet lip'd Ovid *long ago did tell,*
Wherein who bathe's, ſtreight turns Hermaphrodite:
I hope my Poem is ſo lively writ,
That thou wilt turn half mad with reading it.

Salmaces & Hermaphroditus.
OR
The Hermaphrodite.

MY wanton lines doe treat of Amorous love,
Such as would bow the harts ofgods above
Thou *Venus* our great Citheræan Queen,
That hourely trip'ſt on the Idalian green,
Thou laughing *Ericina* daygn to ſee,
Theſe verſes wholy conſecrate to thee:
Temper them ſo within thy Paphian ſhrine,
That every lovers eye may melt a line;
Command the god of love, that little king,
To give each verſe a ſleight touch with his wing,
That as I write, one line may draw the other,
And every word ſkip nimbly o're another.
There was a lovely boy the Nimphs had kept,
That on th' Idalian mountains oft had ſlept,
Begot and born by pow'rs that dwelt above,
By learned *Mercury* on the queen of love.
A face he had that ſhew'd his parents fame,
And from them both conjoynd he drew his name,
So wondrous fair he was, that (as they ſay)
Diana being hunting on a day,

She ſaw the boy upon a green bank lay him,
And there the virgin huntreſſe meant to ſlay him;
Becauſe no Nimphs would now purſue the chace
For all were ſtruck blinde with the wantons face,
But when that beauteous face *Diana* ſaw,
Her armes were nummed, and ſhe could not draw
Yet did ſhe ſtrive to ſhoot, but all in vain,
She bent her bow and loos'd it ſtraight again:
Then ſhe began to chide her wanton eye
And fain would ſhoot but durſt not ſee him dy,
She turnd and ſhot, but did of purpoſe miſſe him,
She turnd again and could not chooſe but kiſſe him;
Then the boy ran: for ſome ſay had he ſtaid,
Diana had no longer been a maid:
Phœbus ſo doted on this roſiat face
That he hath oft ſtoln cloſly from his place
When he did lye by fair *Leucothoes* ſide,
To dally with him in the vales of Ide.
And ever ſince this lovely boy did dye,
Phœbus each day about the world doth fly
And on the earth he ſeeks him all the day
And every night he ſeeks him in the ſea:
His cheeks were ſanguine and his lips were red
As are the bluſhing leaves of the roſe ſpred;
And I have heard that till this boy was born,
Roſes grew white upon the virgin thorn;
'Till one day walking to a pleaſant ſpring
To heare how cunningly the birds could ſing,
Laying him down upon a flowry bed,
The roſes bluſh't and turnd themſelves to red:
The roſe that bluſh't not for his great offence,
The gods did puniſh, and for's impudence,

They

They gave this doome and 'twas agreed by all,
The ſmell of the white roſe ſhould be but ſmall;
His haire was buſhie, but it was not long,
The Nimphs had done his treſſes mighty wrong;
For as it grew they pull'd away his hair
And made habiliments of gold to wear:
His eyes were *Cupids* for untill his birth:
Cupid had eyes and liv'd upon the earth,
Till on a day when the great Queen of love
Was by her white doves drawn from heaven above,
Unto the top of the Idalian hill,
To ſee how well the Nimphs her charge fulfill
And whether they had done the goddeſſe right
In nurſing of her ſweet *Hermaphrodite*,
Whom when ſhe ſaw, (although compleat and full)
Yet ſhe complain'd his eyes were ſomewhat dull:
And therefore more the wanton boy to grace,
She pull'd the ſparkling eyes from *Cupid's* face,
Faining a cauſe to take away his ſight,
Becauſe the Ape would ſometimes ſhoot for ſpight:
But *Venus* ſet thoſe eyes in ſuch a place,
As grac'd thoſe clear eyes with a clearer face,
For his white hand each goddeſſe did him wooe,
For it was whiter then the driven ſnow,
His leg was ſtreighter then the thigh of *Jove*,
And he far fairer then the god of love,
When firſt this well ſhap't boy, beautie's cheif king,
Had ſeen the labor of the fifteenth ſpring,
How curiouſly it painted all the earth,
He 'gan to travail from his place of birth;
Leaving the ſtarely hils where he was nurſt
And where the Nimphs had brought him up at firſt,

He lov'd to travell unto coaſts unknown,
To ſee the regions far beyond his own,
Seeking cleare watry ſprings to bathe him in
For he did love to waſh his Ivory ſkin;
The lovely Nimphs have oft times ſeen him ſwim
And cloſly ſtoln his cloths from off the brim,
Becauſe the wanton wenches would ſo fain,
See him come nak'd to aſke his cloaths again:
He lov'd beſides to ſee the Lician grounds,
And know the welthy Carians utmoſt bounds:
Uſing to travell thus, one day he found
A Chriſtall brook that trild along the ground;
A brook that in reflection did ſurpaſſe
The cleare reflection of the cleareſt glaſſe,
About the ſide there grew no foggy reeds
Nor was the fount compaſt with barren weeds:
But living turf grew all along the ſide
And graſſe that ever flowriſht in his pride:
Within this brook a beautious Nimph did dwell,
Who for her comely feature did excell;
So fair ſhe was, of ſuch a pleaſing grace,
So ſtraight a body, and ſo ſweet a face,
So ſoft a belly, ſuch a luſty thigh,
So large a forehead, ſuch a criſtall eye,
So ſoft and moiſt a hand, ſo ſmooth a breſt,
So fair a cheek, ſo well in all the reſt:
That *Jupiter* would revell in her bower,
Were he to ſpend again his golden ſhower.
Her teeth were whiter then the Morning-milk,
Her lips were ſofter then the ſofteſt ſilk,
Her hair as far ſurpaſt the burniſht gold,
As ſilver doth excell the baſeſt mold:

Jove courted her for her tranſlucent eye
And told her he would place her in the ſkye,
Promiſing her if ſhe would be his love
He would ingrave her in the heavens above:
Telling this lovely Nimph, that if he would
He could deceive her in a ſhower of gold,
Or like a ſwan come to her naked bed
And ſo deceive her of her mayden head.
But yet becauſe he thought that pleaſure beſt
Where each conſenting joyn's each loving breſt,
He would put off that all commanding crown
Whoſe terror ſtroak th' aſpiring Giants down,
That glitring crown whoſe radiant ſight did toſſe
Great *Pelion* from the top of mighty Oſſe:
He would depoſe from his world ſwaying head
To taſt the amorous pleaſure of her bed,
This added he beſides the more to grace her,
Like a bright ſtar he would in heaven's vault place her,
By this the proud laſcivious Nimph was mov'd,
Perceiving that by great *Jove* ſhe was lov'd:
And hoping as a ſtar ſhe ſhould e're long
Be ſtern or gratious to the ſea man's ſong,
(For mortals ſtill are ſubject to the eye
And what it ſees they ſtrive to get as high)
She was contented that almighty *Jove*,
Should have the firſt and beſt fruits of her love;
For women may be likned to the yeare
Whoſe firſt fruits ſtill do make the daintieſt chear.
But yet *Aſtrea* firſt ſhould plight her troth,
For the performance of *Joves* ſacred oath,
Juſt times decline and all good dayes are dead
When heavenly oaths had need be warranted.

This heard great *Jupiter* and lik't it well,
And haſtely he ſeeks *Aſtræas* cell,
About the maſſie earth ſearching her tower;
But ſhe had long ſince left this earthly bower,
And flew to heaven above, loathing to ſee
The ſinfull actions of humanitie:
Which when *Jove* did perceive, he left the earth
And flew up to the place of his own birth;
The burning heavenly throne, where he did ſpy
Aſtræas palace in the glittering ſky.
This ſtately tower was builded upon hie,
Far from the reach of any mortall eye;
And from the Palace ſide there did diſtill,
A little water through a little quill,
The dew of juſtice which did ſeldom fall,
And when it dropt, the drops were very ſmall:
Glad was great *Jove*, when he beheld her tower
Meaning a while to reſt him in her bower;
And therefore ſought to enter at her doore,
But there was ſuch a buſie rout before;
(Some ſerving men and ſome promooters be)
That he could paſſe no foot without a fee:
But as he goes he reaches out his hands,
And payes each one in order as he ſtands
And ſtill as he was paying thoſe before,
Some ſlip again betwixt him and the door:
At length (with much a doe) he paſt them all,
And entring ſtraight into a ſpatious hall,
Full of dark angles and of hidden wayes,
Crooked Meanders infinite delayes,
All which delaies and entries he muſt paſſe
E're he could come where juſt *Aſtræa* was:

All

All theſe being paſt by his immortall wit,
Without her doore he ſaw a porter ſit,
An aged man that long time there had been,
Who us'd to ſearch all thoſe that entred in,
And ſtill to every one he gave this curſe,
None muſt ſee juſtice but with emptie purſe;
This man ſearcht *Jove* for his own private gain,
To have the money which did yet remain,
Which was but ſmall, for much was ſpent before
On the tumultuous rout that kept the door,
When he had done he brought him to the place
Where he might ſee divine *Aſtræa's* face;
There the great king of gods, and men, in went
And ſaw his daughter *Venus* there lament,
And crying loud for juſtice, whom *Jove* found
Kneeling before *Aſtræa* on the ground,
And ſtill ſhe cryed and begd for a juſt doome
Againſt black *Vulcan*, that unſeemly groom,
Whom ſhe had choſen for her only love,
Though ſhe was daughter to great thundring *Jove*,
And though the faireſt goddeſſe yet content
To marry him though weake and impotent,
But for all this they alwaies were at ſtrife
For ever more he raild at her his wife,
Telling her ſtill thou art no wife of mine,
Anothers ſtrumpet, *Mars* his concubine,
By this *Aſtræa* ſpy'd almightie *Jove*
And bow'd her finger to the Queen of love,
To ceaſe her ſuite which ſhe would heare anon,
When the great King of all the world was gone,
Then ſhe deſcended from her ſtately throne,
Which ſeat was builded all of Jaſper ſtone

And

And o're the ſeat, was painted all above
The wanton unſeen ſtealths of amorous *Jove*;
There might a man behold the naked pride
Of lovely *Venus* in the vale of Ide,
When *Pallas* and *Joves* beautious wife, and ſhe
Strove for the priſe of beauties raritie,
And there lame *Vulcan* and his Ciclops ſtrove,
To make the thunderbolt for mighty *Jove*,
From this ſame ſtately throne ſhe down deſcended
And ſaid the greifs of *Jove* ſhould be amended,
Aſking the king of gods what luckleſſe cauſe,
What great contempt of ſtate, what breach of laws
(For ſure ſhe thought ſome uncouth cauſe befell
That made him viſit poore *Aſtræas* cell)
Troubled his thought, and if ſhe might decide it,
Who vext great *Jove* full dearly ſhould abide it:
Jove only thankt her and began to ſhow
His cauſe of comming, (for each one doth know;
The longing words of lovers are not many:
If they deſire to be injoy'd of any)
Telling *Aſtræa*, it would now befall
That ſhe might make him bleſt that bleſſeth all;
For as he walkd upon the flowery earth
To which his own hands whilome gave a birth,
To ſee how ſtreight he held it and how juſt,
He ruld this maſſie ponderous heap of duſt:
He layd him down by a cool river's ſide
Whoſe pleaſant water did ſo gently ſlide,
With ſuch ſoft whiſpering, for the brook was deep
That it had luld him in a heavenly ſleep.
When firſt he laid him down there was none neer him
(For he did call before, but none could heare him)

But

But a fair Nimph was bathing when he wak'd
(Here ſigh'd great *Jove*, and after brought forth) nak'd
He ſeeing lov'd, the Nimph yet here did reſt,
Where juſt *Aſtræa* might make *Jove* be bleſt,
If ſhe would paſſe her faithfull word ſo far,
As that great *Jove* ſhould make the maid a ſtar;
Aſtræa yeelded, at which *Jove* was pleas'd,
And all his longing hopes and fears were eas'd,
Jove tooke his leave and parted from her ſight,
Whoſe thoughts were full of lovers ſweet delight,
And ſhe aſcended to the throne above,
To heare the greifes of the great Queen of love,
But ſhe was ſatisfied, and would no more,
Rayle at her huſband as ſhe did before;
But forth ſhe tript apace becauſe ſhe ſtrove,
With her ſwift feet to overtake great *Jove*,
She ſkipt ſo nimblie as ſhe went to look him,
That at the Pallace dore ſhe overtook him;
The way was plaine and broad as they went out,
And now they could ſee no tumultuous rout.
Here *Venus* fearing leſt the love of *Jove*,
Should make this maid be plac'd in heaven above;
Becauſe ſhe thought this nimph ſo wondrous bright,
That ſhe would dazell her accuſtom'd light,
And fearing now ſhe ſhould not firſt be ſeen,
Of all the glittering ſtars, as ſhe had been;
But that the wanton Nimph would every night,
Be firſt that ſhould ſalute each mortall ſight,
Began to tell great *Jove*, ſhe griev'd to ſee
The heaven ſo full of his iniquitie:
Complayning that each ſtrumpet now was grac'd,
And with immortall goddeſſes was plac'd,

In treating him to place in heaven no more,
Each wanton ſtrumpet and laſcivious whore.
Jove mad with love minded not what ſhe ſaid,
His thoughts were ſo intangled with the maid:
But furiouſly he to his pallace lept,
Being minded there till morning to have ſlept,
For the next morn ſo ſoon as *Phœbus* raies,
Should yet ſhine coole by reaſon of the ſeas,
And ere the parting teares of *Thetis* bed,
Should be quite ſhakt from off his glittering head,
Aſtræa promis'd to attend great *Jove*,
At his own pallace in the heavens above;
And at that pallace ſhe would ſet her hand
To what the love-ſick god ſhould her command:
But to deſcend to earth ſhe did deny,
She loath'd the ſight of any mortall eye,
And for the compaſſe of the earthly round,
She would not ſet one foot upon the ground:
Therefore *Jove* meant to riſe but with the ſun,
Yet thought it long untill the night was done
In the mean ſpace *Venus* was drawn along,
By her white doves unto the ſweating throng
Of hammering blackſmiths, at the loftie hill,
Of ſtately *Etna*, whoſe top burneth ſtill;
For at that burning mountaine's glittering top,
Her cripple husband *Vulcan* kept his ſhop;
To him ſhe went; and ſo collogues that night
With the beſt ſtraines of pleaſures ſweet delight,
That ere they parted ſhe made *Vulcan* ſweare
By dreadfull Styx: (an oath that gods do feare)
If *Jove* would make the mortall maid a ſtar,
Himſelfe ſhould frame his inſtruments of war,

Hee

Hee took his oath by black Cocytus lake,
He never more a thunderbolt would make,
For *Venus* ſo this night his ſenſes pleas'd,
That now he thought his former griefes were eas'd,
She with her hands the black-ſmiths body bound,
And with her Ivory armes ſhe twin'd him round,
And ſtill the faire Queen with a pretty grace
Diſperſt her ſweet breath o're his ſwarthie face,
Her ſnowy armes ſo well ſhe did diſplay,
That *Vulcan* thought they melted as they lay.
Untill the morne in this delight they lay;
Then up they got and haſted faſt away:
In the white Chariot of the Queen of love,
Towards the Pallace of great thundring *Jove*.
Where they did ſee divine *Aſtræa* ſtand,
To paſſe her word for what *Jove* ſhould command:
In limp'd the blackſmith, after ſtept his Queen,
Whoſe light arraiment was of lovely green:
When they were in, *Vulcan* began to ſweare,
By oathes that *Jupiter* himſelf doth feare;
If any whore in heavens bright vault were ſeen,
To dim the ſhining of his beautious Queen;
Each mortall man ſhould the great god diſgrace,
And mock almighty *Jove* unto his face;
And Giants ſhould enforce bright heaven to fall,
Ere he would frame one thunder-bolt at all:
Jove did intreat him that he would forbear,
The more he ſpake the more did *Vulcan* ſwear:
Jove heard the words and 'gan to make his moane,
That mortall men would pluck him from his throne,
Or elſe he muſt incur this plague he ſaid,
Quitè to forgo the pleaſure of the maide,

And once he thought rather than loſe thoſe bliſſes,
Her heavenly ſweets, her moſt delicious kiſſes,
Her ſoft embraces, and the amorous nights;
That he ſhould often ſpend in her delights,
He would be quite thrown down by mortall hands,
From the bleſt place where his bright pallace ſtands:
But afterwards he ſaw with better ſight,
He ſhould be ſcorn'd by every mortall wight,
If he ſhould want his thunderbolts, to beate
Aſpiring mortals from his glittering ſeat,
Therefore the god no more did woe or move her,
But left to ſeeke her love, though not to love her,
Yet he forgot not that he woo'd the laſſe;
But made her twice as beautious as ſhe was,
Becauſe his wonted love he needs would ſhew:
This have I heard, but yet not thought it true,
And whether her cleare beauty was ſo bright,
That it could dazell the immortall ſight
Of Gods, and make them for her love deſpaire,
I do not know, but ſure the maid was faire,
Yet the faire Nimph was never ſeen reſort
Unto the ſavage and the bloody ſport
Of chaſte *Diana*, nor was ever wont
To bend a bow, nor never us'd to hunt;
Nor did ſhe ever ſtrive with pretty cunning,
To over go her fellow Nimphs in running:
For ſhe was the faire water-Nimph alone,
That unto chaſte *Diana* was unknown:
It is reported that her fellows us'd,
To bid her (though the beautious Nimph refus'd)
To take a painted quiver, or a dart,
And put her lazie idleneſſe apart.

But

But ſhe would none but in the fountaines ſwims,
Where oft ſhe waſheth ore her ſnowy limbs;
Sometimes ſhe comb'd her ſoft diſheveld haire,
Which with a fillet tide, ſhe oft did weare;
But ſometimes looſe ſhe let it hang behinde,
When ſhe was pleas'd to grace the Eaſtern winde,
For up and down it would her treſſes hurle,
And as ſhe went it made her looſe haire curle:
Oft in the water did ſhe ſee her face;
And oft ſhe us'd to practice what quaint grace
Might well become her, and what comely feature,
Might be beſt fitting ſo divine a creature:
Her ſkin was with a thin vale over thrown,
Through which her naked beauty clearly ſhone,
She us'd in this light raiment as ſhe was,
To ſpread her body on the dewy graſſe;
Sometimes by her own fountaines as ſhe walks,
She nipt the flowers from off the fertill ſtalks,
And with a garland of the ſweating vine,
Sometimes ſhe doth her beautious front entwine;
But ſhe was gathering flow'rs with her white hand,
When ſhe beheld *Hermaphroditus* ſtand,
By her cleare fountaine wondring at the ſight,
That there was any brooke could be ſo bright,
For this was the bright river where the boy,
Did dye himſelf, that he could not enjoy,
Himſelf in pleaſure, nor could taſte the bliſſes,
Of his own melting and delicious kiſſes.
Here did ſhe ſee him and by *Venus* law,
She did deſire to have him as ſhe ſaw:
But the faire Nimph had never ſeen the place
Where the boy was, nor his inchanting face,

But by an uncouth accident of love,
Betwixt great *Phœbus* and the ſon of *Jove*,
(Light headed *Bacchus*) for upon a day,
As the boy-god was keeping on his way:
Bearing his vine-leaves and his Ivy bands
To *Naxos*, where his houſe and Temple ſtands
He ſaw the Nimph, and ſeeing he did ſtay,
And threw his leaves and Ivy bands away,
Thinking at firſt ſhe was of heavenly birth;
Some goddeſſe that did live upon the earth,
Virgin *Diana* that ſo lovely ſhone;
When ſhe did Court her ſweet *Endimion*:
But he a god at laſt did plainly ſee,
Shee had no marke of immortallitie:
Unto the Nimph went the yong god of wine,
Whoſe head was chaf'd ſo with the bleeding vine,
That now, or fear, or terror had he none,
But gan to court her as ſhe ſat alone.
Fairer then faireſt, (thus began his ſpeech)
Would but your rediant eye pleaſe to enrich,
My eye with looking, or one glance to give
Whereby my other parts may feed and live,
Or with one ſight my ſenſes to enſpire,
Far livelier then the ſtoln Promothean fire,
Then might I live, then by the ſunny light,
That ſhould proceed from thy chiefe rediant ſight,
I might ſurvive to ages, but that miſſing,
(At that ſame word he would have fain been kiſſing)
I pine (fair Nimph) O never let me dye
For one poor glaunce from thy tranſlucent eye;
Far more tranſparent then the cleareſt brook:
The Nimph was taken with his golden hook,

Yet

Yet ſhe turn'd backand would have tript away:
But *Bacchus* forc'd the lovely maid to ſtay,
Aſking her why ſhe ſtrugled to be gone;
Why ſucha Nimph ſhould wiſh to live alone,
Heaven never made her faire that ſhe ſhould vaunt,
She kept all beauty, yet would never grant,
She ſhould be born ſo beautious from her mother,
But to reflect her beautie on another:
Then with a ſweet kiſſe caſt thy beames on me,
And I'le reflect them back againe on thee,
At Naxos ſtands my Temple and my ſhrine,
Where I do preſſe the luſty ſwelling vine,
There with green Ivy ſhall thy head be bound,
And with the red grape be incircled round;
There ſhall *Silenus* ſing unto thy praiſe,
His drunken reeling ſongs and tippling layes,
Come hither gentle Nimph: here bluſht the maid,
And faine ſhe would have gon, but yet ſhe ſtaid.
Bacchus perceiv'd he had o'recome the laſſe,
And down he throws her in the dewy graſſe,
And kiſt the helpleſſe Nimph upon the ground,
And would have ſtrai'd beyond that lawfull bound.
This ſaw bright *Phebus*, for his glittering eye
Sees all that lyes below the ſtarry ſkye:
And for an old affection that he bore,
Unto this lovely Nimph long time before
(For he would oft times in his circle ſtand,
And ſport himſelf upon her ſnowy hand:)
He kept her from the ſweets of *Bacchus* bed,
And 'gainſt her will, he ſav'd her maiden-head.
Bacchus perceiving this a pace did hie
Unto the Pallace of ſwift *Mercury*;

But

But he did find him far below his birth,
Drinking with theeves and Catchpoles on the earth,
And they were parting what they ſtole to day,
In conſultation for to morrows pray,
To him went youthfull *Bacchus* and begun
To ſhew his cauſe of grief againſt the Sun,
How he bereft him of his heavenly bliſſes,
His ſweet delight his *Nectar*-flowing kiſſes,
And other ſweeter ſweets, that he had wonne
But for the malice of the bright fac't ſunne,
Intreating *Mercury* by all the love,
That had him born a mongſt the ſons of *Jove*;
(Of which they two were part,) to ſtand his friend;
Againſt the God that did him ſo offend,
The quaint tongu'd iſſue of great *Atlas* race,
Swift *Mercury*, that with delightfull grace,
And pleaſing accents of his fained tongue
Hath oft reform'd a rude uncivill thronge,
Of *Mortals*, that great meſſenger of *Jove*,
And all the meaner gods that dwell above,
He whoſe acute wit was ſo quick and ſharpe,
In the invention of the crooked Harpe:
He that's ſo cunning with his jeſting ſlights
To ſteal from heavenly gods, or earthly wights;
Bearing a great hate in his greeved breſt,
Againſt that great commander of the weſt:
Bright fac'd *Apollo*, for upon a day,
Young *Mercury* did ſteal his beaſts away;
Which the great God perceiving ſtreight did ſhow,
The pearcing arrows and the feareſull bow,
That kild great *Pithon* and with that did threate him,
To bring his beaſts again, or he would beate him;

Which

Which *Mercury* perceiving unespyde,
Did closely steale his arrows from his side;
For this old grudge he was the easier woon,
To helpe young *Bacchus* 'gainst the fiery Sun:
And now the Sun was in the middle way,
And had o're come the one halfe of the day;
Scorching so hot upon the reeking sand,
That lyes upon the meer Ægyptian land,
That the hot people burnt even from their birth,
Do creep againe into their Mother earth:
When *Mercury* did take his powerfull wand,
His charming Caduceus in his hand,
And the thicke beaver which he us'd to weare,
When ought from *Jove*, he to the sun did beare,
That did protect him from the peircing light
Which did proceed from *Phœbus* glittering sight;
Clad in these powerfull ornaments he flyes,
With out-stretcht wings up to the Azur skyes,
Where seeing *Phœbus* in his orient shrine,
He did so well revenge the god of wine,
That whil'st the Sun wanders, his Charriot reels,
The Crafty god had stoln away his wheels;
Which when he did perceive, he down did slide
(Laying his glittering Coronet a side)
From the bright spangled firmament above,
To seeke the Nimph that *Bacchus* so did love,
And found her looking in her watry glasse,
To see how cleare her radiant beauty was:
And (for he had but little time to stay,
Because he meant to finish out his day)
At the first sight he 'gan to make his moane,
Telling her how his fiery wheels were gone;

promiſing her if ſhe would but obtaine
The wheels that *Mercury* had ſtoln, againe
That he might end his day, ſhe ſhould enjoy,
The heavenly ſight of the moſt beautious boy
That ever was: The Nimph was pleas'd with this,
Hoping to reape ſome unacuſtom'd bliſſe,
By the ſweet pleaſure that ſhe ſhould enjoy
In the bleſt ſight of ſuch a melting boy.
Therefore at his requeſt ſhe did obtaine,
The burning wheels that he had loſt, againe,
Which when he had received, he left the land,
And brought them thither where his coach did ſtand,
And there he ſet them on, for all this ſpace
The horſes had not ſtir'd from out their place;
Which when he ſaw, he weept and gan to ſay,
Would *Mercury* had ſtoln my wheels away:
When *Phaeton*, my haire braind iſſue try'd,
What a laborious thing it was to guide
My burning Charriot, then he might have pleas'd me,
And of a Fathers griefe he might have eas'd me,
For then the ſteeds would have obeyed his will,
Or elſe at leaſt they would have reſted ſtill.
When he had done, he tooke his whip of ſteel,
Whoſe bitter ſmart he made his horſes feel;
For he did laſh ſo hard to end the day,
That he was quickly at the weſtern ſea.
And there with *Thetis* did he reſt a ſpace,
For he did never reſt in any place,
Before that time; but ever ſince his wheels
were ſtoln away his burning Charriot reels;
Towards the declining of the parting day,
Therefore he lights and mends them in the ſea.

And

And though the Poets fain that *Jove* did make
A treble night, for fair *Alcmena's* ſake,
That he might ſleep ſecurely with his love,
Yet ſure the long night was unknown to *Jove*:
But the Suns wheels one day diſordred more,
Were thrice as long a mending as before.
Now was the Sun inviron'd with the ſea,
Cooling his watry treſſes as he lay,
And in dread *Neptunes* kingdom while he ſleeps,
Faire *Thetis* clips him in the watry deeps;
There Mair-maids and the Tritons of the weſt,
Straining their voyces to make *Titan* reſt:
The while the black night with her pithy hand
Took juſt poſſeſſion of the ſwarthy land:
He ſpent the darkſome houres in this delight;
Giving his power up to the gladſome night;
For ne r before he was ſo truely bleſt,
To take an houre, or one poore minutes reſt.
But now the burning God this pleaſure feels,
By reaſon of his newly crazed wheels,
There muſt ſhe ſtay untill lame *Vulcan* ſend
The fiery wheels which he had took to mend:
Now all the night the ſmith ſo hard had wrought,
That ere the Sun could wake, his wheels were brought:
Titan being pleas'd with reſt, and not to riſe
And loath to open yet his ſlumbring eyes;
And yet perceving how the longing ſight
Of mortals waited for his glittering light,
He ſent *Aurora* from him to the ſkye,
To give a glimpſing to each mortall eye.
Aurora much aſham'd of that ſame place
That great *Apollos* light was wont to grace,

Finding no place to hide her ſhamefull head,
Painted her chaſte cheeks with a bluſhing red;
Which ever ſince remain'd upon her face,
In token of her new receiv'd diſgrace:
Therefore ſhe not ſo white as ſhee had been
Loathing of every Mortall to be ſeen;
No ſooner can the roſie fingred morne
Kiſſe every flower that by her dew is borne;
But from the golden window ſhe doth peepe,
When the moſt part of earthly creatures ſleep:
By this bright *Titan* opened had his eyes,
And 'gan to jerk his horſes through the ſkyes,
And taking in his hand his fiery whip
He made Æous and ſwift Æthon ſkip
So faſt, that ſtraight he dazled had the ſight,
Of faire *Aurora* glad to ſee his light,
And now the Sun in all his fiery haſte
Did call to mind his promiſe lately paſt,
And all the vows and oaths that he did paſſe
Unto faire *Salmacis* the beaureous laſſe:
For he had promis'd her, ſhe ſhould enjoy
So lovely, faire, and ſuch a well ſhapt boy:
As ne're before his own all ſeeing eye,
Saw from his bright ſeat in the ſtarry ſkye;
Remembring this, he ſent the boy that way,
Where the cleare fountaine of the fair Nimph lay;
There was he come to ſeek ſome pleaſing brook,
No ſooner came he, but the Nimph was ſtrook,
And though ſhe longed to embrace the boy,
Yet did the Nimph a while defer her joy,
Till ſhe had bound up her looſe flagging haire,
And ordered well the garments ſhe did weare,

Fai-

Faining her count'nance with a lovers care,
And d'd deſerve to be accounted faire,
When thus much ſpake ſhe while the boy abode
O boy! more worthy to be thought a god;
Thou maiſt inhabit in the glorious place
Of gods, or maiſt proceed from humane race,
Thou maiſt be *Cupid* or the god of wine,
That lately woo'd me with the ſwelling vine,
But who ſo er'e thou art, O happy he
That was ſo bleſt to be a ſire to thee:
Thy happy Mother is moſt bleſt of many,
Bleſſed thy ſiſters if her wombe bare any:
Both fortunate and ô thriſe happy ſhe!
Whoſe too much bleſſed breſts gave ſuck to thee,
If any's wiſh with thy ſweet bed bebleſt:
O ſhe is far more happy then the reſt,
If thou haſt any, let her name be known,
Or elſe let me be ſhe, if thou haſt none,
Here did ſhe pawſe a while and then ſhe ſaid,
Be not obdurate to a ſilly maid,
A flinty heart, within a ſnowy breſt,
Is like baſe mold lock'd in a golden cheſt:
They ſay the eye's the index of the heart,
And ſhewes th' affection of each inward part:
Then love plays lively there, the little god
Hath a cleare chriſtall pallace of a bode;
O bar him not from playing in thy heart,
That ſports him ſelfe upon each outward part;
Thus much ſhe ſpake and then her tongue was huſht,
At her looſe ſpeeches *Hermaphroditus* bluſht,

He knew not what love was, yet love did ſhame him;
Making him bluſh and yet his bluſh became him.
Then might a man his lively colour ſee,
Like the ripe apple on a ſunny tree,
Or Ivory dyde ore with a pleaſing red,
Or like the pale morn being ſhadowed:
By this the nimph recovered had her tongue,
That to her thinking lay in ſilence long,
And ſaid thy cheek is mild, O be thou ſo,
Thy cheek ſaith I, then do not anſwer no;
Thy cheek doth ſhame, then do thou ſhame ſhe ſaid,
It is a mans ſhame to deny a maide:
Thou lookeſt to ſport with *Venus* in her tower,
And be beloved of every heavenly power,
Men are but mortals ſo are women too;
Why ſhould your thoughts aſpire more then ours do,
For ſure they doe aſpire; elſe could a youth,
Whoſe countenance is full of ſpotleſſe truth
Be ſo relentleſſe to a virgins tongue?
Let me be woo'd by thee but halfe ſo long,
With halfe thoſe terms, do but my love require,
And I will eaſily grant thee thy deſire;
Ages are bad, when men become ſo ſlow,
That poore unſkilfull maids are forſt to woe,
Her radiant beauty and her ſubtill art,
So deeply ſtruk *Hermaphroditus* heart,
That ſhe had woon his love, but that the light
Of her tranſlucent eye did ſhine too bright,
For long he look't upon the lovely maide,
And at the laſt *Hermaphroditus* ſaid:

How

How ſhould I love thee, when I do eſpy
A far more beautious Nimph hid in thy eye,
When thou doſt love let not that Nimph be nigh thee,
Nor when thou woo'ſt let that ſame Nimph be by thee;
Or quite obſcure her from thy lovers face,
Or hide her beautie in a darker place;
By this the Nimph perceiv'd he did eſpy,
None but himſelf reflected in her eye.
And for himſelf no more ſhe meant to ſhow him,
She ſhut her eyes and blind-fold thus did woe him:
Faire boy, think not thy beauty can diſpence,
With any paine due to a bad offence,
Remember how the gods puniſht that boy
That ſcornd to let a beautious Nimph enjoy
Her long wiſht pleaſure, for the peeviſh elfe
Lov'd of all others, needs would love himſelf:
So maiſt thou love perhaps, thou maiſt be bleſt,
By granting to a luckles Nimph's requeſt,
Then reſt a while with me amidſt theſe weeds,
The Sun that ſees all winks at lovers deeds.
Phœbus is blind when love ſports are begun,
And never ſees untill their ſports be done;
Beleeve me boy, thy blood is very ſtaid,
That art ſo loth to kiſſe a youthfull maid:
Were thou a maid and I a man, Ile ſhow thee,
With what a manly boldneſſe I could woo thee:
Fairer then loves Queen (thus I would begin)
Might not my over boldneſſe be a ſin;
I would intreat this favor if I could
Thy roſeat cheeks a little to behold,

Then

Then would I beg a touch, and then a kiſſe,
And then a lower, yet a higher bliſſe,
Then would I aſke what *Iove* and *Leda* did,
When like a ſwan the craftie god was hid,
What came he for, why did he there abide?
Surely I think he did not come to chide,
He came to ſee her face to talk and chat,
To touch, to kiſſe, came he for nought but that?
Yes ſomething elſe, what was it he would have?
That which all men of maidens ought to crave.
This ſaid, her eye-lids wide ſhe did diſplay,
But in this ſpace the boy was run away:
The wanton ſpeeches of the lovely laſſe,
Forc'd him for ſhame to hide him in the graſſe,
When ſhe perceiv'd ſhe could not ſee him neer her,
When ſhe had call'd, and yet he would not heare her,
Look how when *Autumne* comes, a little ſpace,
Paleth the red bluſh of the Sommers face,
Tearing the leaves, the ſummers covering,
Three months in weaving by the curious ſpring,
Making the graſſe his green locks go to wrack,
Tearing each ornament from off his backe;
So did ſhe ſpoile the garments ſhe did wear,
Tearing whole ounces of her golden haire,
She thus deluded of her longed bliſſe,
With much adoe at laſt ſhe uttred this.
Why wert ſo baſhfull boy? Thou haſt no part
Shews thee to be of ſuch a female heart:
His eye is gray, ſo is the mornings eye,
That bluſheth alwayes when the day is nigh,

Then

Then is gray eyes the cauſe? that cannot be,
The gray ey'd morn is far more bold then he,
For with a gentle dew from heavens bright tower,
It gets the maiden head of every flower,
I would to god he were the roſiat morn,
And I a flower from out the earth new born.
His face was ſmooth, *Narciſſus* face was ſo,
And he was careleſſe of a ſad Nimphs woe.
Then that's the cauſe, and yet that cannot be,
Youthfull *Narciſſus* was more bold than hee;
Becauſe he dy'd for love, though of his ſhade,
This boy nor loves himſelfe nor yet a maide,
Beſides, his glorious eye is wonderous bright,
So is the fierie and all-ſeeing light
Of *Phoebus*, who at every morningsbirth
Bluſheth for ſhame upon the ſullen earth,
Then that's the cauſe, and yet that cannot be,
The fierie Sun is far more bold than he,
He nightly kiſſeth *Thetis* in the ſea,
All know the ſtory of *Leucothoe*.
His cheek is red, ſo is the fragrant roſe,
Whoſe ruddie cheek with over bluſhing glowes,
Then that's the cauſe, and yet that cannot be,
Each bluſhing roſe is far more bold than he.
Whoſe boldneſſe may be plainly ſeen in this,
The ruddy roſe is not aſham'd to kiſſe,
For alwayes when the day is new begun,
The ſpreading roſe will kiſſe the morning ſun:
This ſaid, hid in the graſſe ſhe did eſpie him,
And ſtumbling with her will ſhe fell down by him,

And with her wanton talk becauſe he woo'd not,
Beg'd that which he, poore novice underſtood not,
And (for ſhe could not get a greater bliſſe)
She did intreat at leaſt a ſiſters kiſſe;
But ſtill the more ſhe did the boy beſeech,
The more he powted at her wanton ſpeech.
At laſt the Nimph began to touch his ſkin,
Whiter then Mountain-ſnow hath ever been,
And did in pureneſſe that cleare ſpring ſurpaſſe,
Wherein *Acteon* ſaw th' Aradian laſſe:
Thus did ſhe dally long, till at the laſt,
In her white Palm, ſhe lockt his white hand faſt,
Then in her hands, his wriſt ſhe 'gan to cloſe,
When through his pulſes ſtraight his warm blood glows,
Whoſe youthfull Muſick fayning *Cupids* fire,
In her warm breſt kindled a freſh deſire;
Then did ſhe lift her hand unto his breſt,
A part as white and youthfull as the reſt,
Where as his flowry breath ſtill comes and goes,
She felt his gentle heart pant through his clothes,
At laſt ſhe took her hand from off that part,
And ſaid it panted like another heart;
Why ſhould it be more feeble, and leſſe bold?
Why ſhould the blood about it be more cold?
Nay ſure that yeelds, onely thy tongue denies,
And the true fancy of thy heart belyes,
Then did ſhe lift her hand unto his chin,
And prais'd the pretty dimpling of his ſkin.
But ſtraight his chin ſhe 'gan to overſlip,
When ſhe beheld the redneſſe of his lip,

And

And ſaid, thy lips are ſoft, preſſe them to mine,
And thou ſhalt ſee they are as ſoft as thine;
Then would ſhe fain have gone unto his eye,
But ſtill his ruddy lip ſtanding ſo nye,
Drew her hand back, therefore his eye ſhe miſt,
'Ginning to claſpe his neck and would have kiſt:
But then the boy did ſtruggle to be gone,
Vowing to leave her in that place alone,
But the bright *Salmacis* began to feare,
And ſaid faire ſtranger I will leave thee here;
And theſe pleaſant places all alone,
So turning backe ſhe fained to be gone,
But from his ſight ſhe had no power to paſſe,
Therefore ſhe turn'd and hid her in the graſſe,
When to the ground bending her ſnow-white knee,
The glad earth gave new coats to every tree,
He then ſuppoſing he was all alone,
Like a young boy that is eſpy'd of none;
Runs here and there, then on the banks doth look,
Then on the Criſtall current of the brook,
Then with his feet he toucht the ſilver ſtreams,
Whoſe drowzie waves made muſick in their dreams,
And, for he was not wholly in, did weep
Talking a loud and babling in their ſleep,
Whoſe pleaſant cooleneſſe when the boy did feele,
He thruſt his foot down lower to the heele,
Ore come with whoſe ſweet noiſe, he did begin
To ſtrip his ſoft clothes from his tender ſkin,
When ſtreight the ſcorching Sun, wept teares of brine,
(Becauſe he durſt not touch him with his ſhine)

For feare of ſpoyling that ſame Ivory ſkin
Whoſe whitenes he ſo much delighted in,
And then the Moon mother of mortall eaſe
Would faine have come from the Antipodes,
To have beheld him naked as he ſtood,
Ready to leape into the ſilver flood;
But might not, for the Laws of heaven denie,
To ſhew mens ſecrets to a womans eye,
And therefore was her ſad and gloomy light,
Confin'd unto the ſecret keeping night:
When beautious *Salmacis* a while had gaz'd
Upon his naked corps, ſhe ſtood amaz'd,
And both her ſparkling eyes burnt in her face,
Like the bright ſun reflected in a glaſſe;
Scarce can ſhe ſtay from running to the boy;
Scarce can ſhe now defer her hoped joy:
So faſt her youthfull blood playes in her veines,
That almoſt mad ſhe ſcarce her ſelf containes;
When yong *Hermaproditus*, as he ſtands
Clapping his white ſide with his hollow hands;
Leapt lively from the Land, whereon he ſtood
Into the main part of the Chriſtall flood,
Like Ivory then his ſnowy body was,
Or a white Lilly in a Chriſtall glaſſe;
Then roſe the water Nimph from where ſhe lay,
As having won the glory of the day,
And her light garments caſt from off her ſkin:
Hee's mine ſhe cride, and ſo lept ſprightly in;
The flatt'ring Ivy who did ever ſee,
Inclaſp'd the huge trunk of an aged tree,

Let

Let him behold the yong boy as he ſtands,
Inclaſpt in wanton *Salmacis* pure hands;
Betwixt thoſe Ivory armes ſhe lockt him faſt,
Striving to get away, till at the laſt:
Fondling ſhe ſaid, why ſtriv'ſt thou to be gon?
Why ſhouldſt thou ſo deſire to be alone?
Thy cheeke is never faire when none is by,
For what is red and white but to the eye,
And for that cauſe the heavens are darke at night;
Becauſe all creatures cloſe their weary ſight,
For there's no mortall can ſo early riſe,
But ſtill the morning waits upon his eyes,
The early riſing and ſoon ſinging larke,
Can never chaunt her ſweet notes in the dark:
For ſleep ſhe ne'r ſo little or ſo long;
Yet ſtill the morning will attend her ſong:
All creatures that beneath bright *Cinthia* be,
Have appetite unto ſocietie;
The overflowing waves would have a bound,
Within the confines of the ſpacious ground:
And all their ſhady currents would be plac'd
In hollow of the ſollitary vaſte:
But that they lothe to let their ſoft ſtreams ſing,
Where none can heare their gentle murmuring;
Yet ſtill the boy regardleſſe what ſhe ſaid,
Strugled a pace to over ſwim the maid:
Which when the Nimph perceiv'd ſhe 'gan to ſay,
Strugle thou maiſt, but never get away
So grant juſt Gods that never day may ſee,
The ſeperation twixt this boy and me.

The Hermaphrodite.

The Gods did heare her prayer, and feele her woe,
And in one body they began to grow:
She felt his youthfull blood in every veine,
And he felt hers warm his cold breſt againe;
And ever ſince was womans love ſo bleſt,
That it will draw blood from the ſtrongeſt breſt,
Nor man, nor maid, now could they beeſteem'd,
Neither and either might they well be deem'd,
When the young boy *Hermaphroditus* ſaid,
With the ſet voice of neither man nor maid,
Swift *Mercury* thou Author of my life,
And thou my mother, *Vulcans* lovely wife,
Let your poore offsprings lateſt breath be bleſt,
In but obtaining this his laſt requeſt:
Grant that who e're heated by *Phœbus* beames
Shall come to coole him in theſe ſilver ſtreams
May never more a manly ſhape retaine,
But halfe a virgin may returne againe.
His parents harkned to his laſt requeſt,
And with that great power they the fountain bleſt;
And ſince that time who in that fountaine ſwims,
A maiden ſmoothnes ſeizeth halfe his limbes.

FINIS.

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MATTH: CLAY.

THE

REMEDIE

OF

LOVE.

WHen *Cupid* read this Title, ſtraight he ſaid,
Wars, I perceive, againſt me will be made:
But ſpare (oh Love) to tax thy Poet ſo,
Who oft hath borne thy Enſigne 'gainſt thy foe;
I am not he by whom thy Mother bled,
When ſhe to Heaven on *Mars* his horſes fled.
I oft, like other Youths, thy flame did prove,
And if thou aske, what I do ſtill? I Love.
Nay I have taught by Art to keep Loves courſe,
And made that reaſon which before was force.
I ſeeke not to betray thee pretty boy,
Nor what I once have written to deſtroy.
If any love, and finde his Miſtris kinde
Let him goe on and ſaile with his owne winde;

But

But he that by his Love is diſcontented,
To ſave his life, my verſes were invented;
Why ſhould a Lover kill himſelfe? or why
Should any, with his owne griefe wounded, die?
Thou art a boy, to play becomes thee ſtill,
Thy reign is ſoft, play then, and do not kill;
Or if thou'lt needs be vexing, then doe this,
Make Lovers meet by ſtealth, and ſteale a kiſſe:
Make them to feare, leſt any over-watch them,
And tremble when they thinke ſome come to catch them:
And with thoſe teares that Lovers ſhed all night
Bee thou content, but doe not kill out-right.
Love heard, and up his ſilver wings did heave
And ſaid, Write on, I freely give thee leave.
Come then all ye deſpiſ'd that Love endure,
I that have felt the wounds, your Love will cure,
But come at firſt, for if you make delay,
Your ſickneſſe, will grow mortall by your ſtay:
The Tree, which by delay is grown ſo bigge,
In the beginning was a tender twigge.
That which at firſt, was but a ſpan in length,
Will, by delay, be rooted paſt mans ſtrength.
Reſiſt beginnings, med'cines bring no curing,
Where ſickneſſe is growne ſtrong by long enduring.
When firſt thou ſeeſt a Laſſe that likes thine eye,
Bend all thy preſent powers to deſcry
Whether her eye, or carriage firſt would ſhow
If ſhe be fit for Loves delights, or no,
Some will be eaſie, ſuch an one elect;
But ſhe that bea-es too grave and ſterne aſpect
Take heed of her, and make her not thy Jewell,
Either ſhe cannot Love, or will be cruell.

If

If Love aſſaile thee there, betime take heed,
Thoſe wounds are dangerous that inward bleed;
He that to day cannot ſhake off Loves ſorrow
Will certainly be more unapt to morrow.
Love hath ſo eloquent and quicke a tongue
That he will lead thee all thy life along;
And on a ſudden claſpe thee in a yoke
Where thou muſt either draw, or ſtriving choak.
Strive then betimes, for at the firſt one hand
May ſtop a Water drill that weares the ſand,
But, if delayed, it breaks into a flood,
Mountains will hardly make the paſſage good
But I am out: for now I doe begin
To keepe them off, not heale thoſe that are in.
Firſt, therefore (Lovers) I intend to ſhow,
How Love came to you, then how he may goe.
You that would not know what Loves paſſions be,
Never be idle, learne that rule of me.
Eaſe makes you Love, as that o'rcomes your wills,
Eaſe is the food and cauſe of all your ills.
Turne eaſe and idleneſſe but out of doore,
Loves darts are broake, his flame can burne no more.
As Reeds and Willows loves the Waters ſide,
So Love loves with the idle to abide.
If then at liberty you faine would be,
Love yeelds to labour. Labour and be free.
Long ſleeps, ſoft beds rich vintage, and high feeding,
Nothing to doe, and pleaſure of exceeding
Dulls all our ſences, makes our vertues ſtupid,
And then creeps in that crafty villain *Cupid*.
That boy loves eaſe alife, hates ſuch as ſtirre,
Therefore thy minde to better things preferre.

Behold thy Countries enemies in Armes,
At home love gripes thy heart in his ſlie charmes;
Then riſe and put on armour, caſt off ſloth,
Thy labour may at once ore'come them both.
If this ſeeme hard, and too unpleaſant, then
Behold the Law ſet forth by God and men.
Sit downe and ſtudy that, that thou maiſt know
The way to guide thy ſelfe and others ſhow.
Or if thou lov'ſt not to be ſhut up ſo,
Learne to aſſaile the Deere with truſty bowe;
That through the Woods thy well-mouth'd hounds may ring,
Whoſe Eccho better joyes, then Love, will ſing.
There maiſt thou chance to bring thy love to end,
Diana unto *Venus* is no friend.
The Country will affoord thee meanes enough,
Sometimes diſdaine not to direct the Plough;
To follow through the fields the bleating Lambe,
That mournes to miſſe the comfort of his dam.
Aſſiſt the harveſt, help to prune the Trees;
Graft, plant, and ſow, no kinde of labour leeſe.
Set nets for birds, with hook'd lines bait for fiſh,
Which will imploy thy minde, and fill thy diſh;
That being weary with theſe pains at night
Sound ſleeps may put the thoughts of Love to flight.
With ſuch delights, or labours, as are theſe,
Forget to love, and learne thy ſelfe to pleaſe.
But chiefly learne this leſſon for my ſake,
Fly from her, farre, ſome journey undertake;
I know thou lt grieve, and that her name once told,
Will be enough thy journey to withhold:
But when thou find'ſt thy ſelfe moſt bent to ſtay,
Compell thy feet to run with thee away.

Nor

Nor doe thou wiſh that raine or ſtormy weather,
May ſtay your ſteps, and bring you back together;
Count not the miles you paſſe, nor doubt the way,
Leaſt thoſe reſpects ſhould turne you back to ſtay.
Tell not the clock, nor look not once behinde,
But flye like Lightning, or the Northerne Winde;
For where we are too much ore matcht in might,
There is no way, for ſafeguard, but by flight.
But ſome will count my Lines too hard and bitter,
I muſt confeſſe them hard; but yet 'tis better
To faſt a while, that health may be provoked,
Then feede at plenteous tables, and be choaked.
To cure the wretched Body, I am ſure,
Both Fire and Steele thou gladly wilt indure:
Wilt thou not then, take paines, by any Art,
To cure thy Minde, which is thy better part;
The hardneſſe is at firſt, and that once paſt,
Pleaſant and eaſie wayes will come at laſt.
I do not bid thee ſtrive with Witches Charmes,
Or ſuch un-holy acts, to ceaſe thy harmes:
Ceres, her ſelfe, who all theſe things did know,
Had never power to cure her owne Love ſo:
No, take this Medicine, (which of all is ſure,)
Labour and Abſence are the onely Cure.
But if the Fates compell thee, in ſuch faſhion,
That thou muſt needs live neere her habitation,
And canſt not fly her ſight; learne here of me
That thou would'ſt faine, and can'ſt not yet be free.
Set all thy Miſtreſſe faults before thine eyes,
And all thy owne diſgraces well adviſe;
Say to thy ſelfe, that ſhe is covetous,
Hath tane my gifts, and us'd me thus, and thus;

Thus hath ſhe ſworne to me, and thus deceived;
Thus have I hope, and thus have been bereaved.
With love ſhe feeds my rivall, while I ſtarve,
And poures on him kiſſes, which I deſerve:
She follows him with ſmiles, and gives to me
Sad lookes, no Lovers but a ſtrangers fee.
All thoſe embraces I ſo oft deſired,
To him ſhe offers daily unrequired;
Whoſe whole deſart and halfe mine weigh'd together,
Would make mine Lead, and his ſeem Corke and Feather,
Then let her goe, and ſince ſhe proves ſo hard,
Regard thy ſelfe, and give her no regard.
Thus muſt thou ſchool thy ſelfe, and I could wiſh,
Thee to thy ſelfe moſt eloquent in this.
But put on griefe enough, and do not feare,
Griefe will enforce thy eloquence t'appeare.
Thus I my ſelfe the love did once expell,
Of one whoſe Coyneſſe vex'd my ſoule like hell.
I muſt confeſſe ſhe touched me to the quicke,
And I, that am Phiſitian, then was ſicke.
But this I found to profit, I did ſtill,
Ruinate what I thought in her was ill;
And, for to cure my ſelfe, I found away,
Some honeſt ſlaunders on her for to lay:
Quoth I, how lamely doth my Miſtris goe,
(Although, I muſt confeſſe, it was not ſo;)
I ſaid, her armes were crooked, fingers bent,
Her ſhoulders bow'd, her legges conſum'd and ſpent:
Her colour ſad, her neck as dark as night,
(When *Venus* might in all have tane delight,)
But yet, becauſe I would no more come nigh her,
My ſelfe unto my ſelfe did thus belye her.

Doe

Doe thou the like, and though ſhe faire appeare,
Thinke, vice to vertue often comes too neere;
And in that errour (though it be an errour)
Preſerve thy ſelfe from further terrour.
If ſhe be round and plumpe, ſay ſhee's too fat;
If browne, ſay blacke, and thinke who cares for that.
If ſhe be ſlender, ſweare ſhe is too leane,
That ſuch a Wench will weare a man out cleane.
If ſhe be red, ſay, ſhee's too full of bloud;
If pale, her body nor her minde is good.
If wanton, ſay, ſhe ſeeks thee to devoure;
If grave, neglect her, ſay, ſhe looks too ſowre.
Nay, if ſhee have a fault, and thou doſt know it,
Praiſe it, that in thy preſence ſhe may ſhew it:
As if her voyce be bad, crack'd in the ring,
Never give over till thou make her ſing.
If ſhe have any blemiſh in her foot,
Commend her dancing ſtill, and put her to't.
If ſhe be rude in ſpeech, incite her talke;
If halting lame, provoke her much to walke.
Or if on Inſtruments ſhe have ſmall skill,
Reach downe a Viall, urge her to that ſtill.
Take any way to eaſe thy owne diſtreſſe,
And thinke thoſe faults be, which are nothing leſſe,
Then meditate beſides, what thing it is
That makes thee ſtill in Love to goe amiſſe.
Adviſe thee well, for as the World now goes,
Men are not caught with ſubſtance, but with ſhewes;
Women are in their bodies turn'd to French
That face and body's leaſt part of a Wench.
I know a Woman hath in Love been troubled,
For that which Taylors make, a fine neat Doublet.

And

And men are even as mad in their deſiring,
That oftentimes love Women for their tyring.
He that doth ſo, let him take this advice,
Let him riſe early, and not being nice,
Vp to his Miſtris chamber let him hie,
Ere ſhe ariſe, and there he ſhall eſpie
Such a confuſion of diſordered things,
In Bodies, Jewels, Tyres, Wyres, Lawnes, and Rings,
That ſure he cannot choſe but much abhorre him
To ſee her lie in peeces thus before him.
And finde thoſe things ſhut in a painted box
For which he loves her, and endures her mocks.
Once I my ſelfe had a great minde to ſee,
What kinde of things Women undreſſed be;
And found my Sweet heart, juſt when I came at her
Screwing in teeth, and dipping raggs in water.
She miſſed her Perriwigge, and durſt not ſtay,
But put it on in haſte the backward way;
That had I not on th' ſudden chang'd my minde,
I had miſtooke and kiſſed my Love behinde.
So, if thou wiſh her faults ſhould rid thy cares,
Watch out thy time, and take her unawares:
Or rather put the better way in proofe,
Come thou not neer, but keepe thy ſelfe aloofe.
If all this ſerve not, uſe one medicine more,
Seeke out another Love, and her adore;
But chuſe out one in whom thou well maiſt ſee
A heart inclin'd to love and cheriſh thee.
For as a river parted, ſlower goes,
So, Love thus parted, ſtill more evenly flowes.
One Anchor will not ſerve a Veſſell tall,
Nor is one hooke enough to fiſh withall.

He

Hee that can ſolace him, and ſport with two,
May in the end tryumph as others doe.
Thou that to one haſt ſhew'd thy ſelfe too kind,
Maiſt in a ſecond much more comfort finde:
If one Love entertaine thee with deſpight,
The other will embrace thee with delight:
When by the former thou art made accurſt,
The ſecond will contend t'excell the firſt,
And ſtrive, with love, to drive her from thy breſt:
("That firſt to ſecond yeelds, women know beſt.)
Or if to yeeld to either thou art loath,
This may perhaps acquit thee of them both.
For what one Love makes odde, two ſhall make even,
Thus blowes with blowes, and fire by fire's out driven.
Perchance this courſe will turne thy firſt Loves heart,
And when thine is at eaſe, cauſe hers to ſmart.
If thy Loves Rivall ſticke ſo neere thy ſide,
Thinke, women can Copartners worſe abide.
For though thy Miſtris never meane to love thee,
Yet from the others love, ſhe'll ſtrive to move thee:
But let her ſtrive, ſhe oft hath vex'd thy heart,
Suffer her now, to beare her ſelfe a part.
And though thy bowels burne like *Ætna's* fire,
Seeme colder farre than Ice, or her deſire.
Faigne thy ſelfe free, and ſigh not over much,
But laugh when griefe thy very heart doth touch.
I doe not bid thee breake through fire and flame,
Such violence in love is much to blame;
But I adviſe, that thou diſſemble deepe,
And all thy paſſions in thine owne breſt keepe.
Faigne thy ſelfe well, and thou at laſt ſhalt ſee
Thy ſelfe as well as thou didſt faigne to bee.

So have I often, when I would not drinke,
Sate downe as one aſleepe, and faign'd to winke;
Till, as I nodding ſate, and tooke no heed,
I have at laſt falne faſt aſleepe indeed.
So have I oft beene angry, faigning ſpight,
And counterfeiting ſmiles, have laught outright.
So Love, by uſe, hath come, by uſe doth goe,
And he that faignes well, ſhall at length be ſo.
If ere thy Miſtris promis'd to receive thee
Into her boſome, and did then deceive thee,
Locking thy Rivall in, thee out of doore,
Be not dejected, ſeeme not to deplore,
Nor when thou ſeeſt her next, take notice of it,
But paſſe it over, it ſhall turne to profit:
For if ſhe ſees ſuch tricks as theſe perplex thee,
She will be proud, and take delight to vexe thee.
But if ſhe prove thee conſtant in this kinde,
She will begin at length ſome ſleights to finde,
How ſhe may draw thee backe, and keep thee ſtill
A ſervile Captive to her fickle will.
But now take heed, here comes the proofe of men;
Be thou as conſtant as thou ſeemeſt then:
Receive no Meſſages, regard no Lines,
They are but ſnares to catch thee in her twines.
Receive no gifts, think all that praiſe her, flatter;
What ere ſhe writes, beleeve not halfe the matter.
Converſe not with her ſervant, nor her maid
Scarce bid good morrow, leaſt thou be betray'd.
When thou go'ſt by her door, never look backe,
And though ſhe call, do not thy journey ſlack:
If ſhe ſhould ſend her friends to talk with thee,
Suffer them not too long to walke with thee.

Do

Do not beleeve one word they ſay is ſooth,
Nor do not ask ſo much as how ſhe doth ;
Yea, though thy very heart ſhould burne to know,
Bridle thy tongue, and make thereof no ſhow.
Thy careleſſe ſilence ſhall perplex her more
Then can a thouſand ſighes ſigh'd o'er and o'er ;
By ſaying, thou loveſt not, thy loving prove not,
For he's far gone in Love, that ſayes I love not.
Then hold thy peace, and ſhortly Love will die ;
That wound heals beſt that cures not by and by.
But ſome will ſay, alas, this rule is hard :
Muſt we not Love, where we finde reward ?
How ſhould a tender Woman bear this ſcorne,
That cannot, without art, by men be borne ?
Miſtake me not; I do not wiſh you ſhow
Such a contempt to them whoſe love you know ;
But where a ſcornefull Laſſe makes you endure
Her ſlight regarding, there I lay my cure.
Nor think in leaving Love, you wrong your Laſſe,
Who one to her content already has.
While ſhe doth joy in him, joy thou in any
Thou haſt, aſwell as ſhe, the choice of many.
Then, for thy owne contempt, defer not long
But cure thy ſelfe, and ſhe ſhall have no wrong.
Among all cures, I chiefly did commend
Abſence in this to be the onely friend.
And ſo it is, but I would have ye learne
The perfect uſe of Abſence to diſcerne.
Firſt then; When thou art abſent to her ſight,
In ſolitarineſſe do not delight :
Be ſeldome left alone, for then I know
A thouſand vexing thoughts will come and goe.

Fly lovely walkes, and uncouch places ſad,
They are the Nurſe of thoughts that make men mad.
Walke not too much where thy fond eye may ſee
The place where ſhe did give loves rights to thee:
For even the place will tell thee of thoſe joyes,
And turne thy kiſſes into ſad annoyes.
Frequent not Woods and Groves, nor ſit and muſe,
With armes a croſſe,as fooliſh lovers uſe:
For as thou ſitt'ſt alone, thou ſoone ſhalt finde,
Thy Miſtris face preſented to thy minde;
As plainely to thy troubled phantacy,
As if ſhe were in preſence, and ſtood by.
This to eſchew,open thy doores all day,
Shun no mans ſpeech that comes into thy way.
Admit all companies,and when there's none,
Then walke thou forth thy ſelfe,and ſeek out one.
When he is found, ſeeke more,laugh,drinke,and ſing,
Rather than be alone, doe any thing.
Or if thou be conſtrain'd to be alone,
Have not her picture for to gaze upon;
For that's the way, when thou art eaſ'd of paine,
To wound anew, and make thee ſicke againe.
Or if thou haſt it, thinke the painters skill
Flattered her face, and that ſhe lookes more ill.
And think, as thou doſt muſing on it ſit,
That ſhe her ſelfe is counterfeit like it.
Or rather flye all things that are inclin'd
To bring one thought of her into thy minde.
View not her tokens, nor thinke on her words,
But take ſome book, whoſe learned wombe affoords
Phyſicke for ſoules, there ſearch for ſome reliefe,
To guile the time, and rid away thy griefe.

But if thy thoughts on her muſt needs be bent,
Thinke what a deale of precious time was ſpent
In queſt of her; and that thy beſt of youth,
Languiſh'd and died, while ſhe was void of ruth.
Thinke but how ill ſhe did deſerve affection,
And yet how long ſhe held thee in ſubjection.
Thinke how ſhe chang'd, how ill it did become her,
And thinking ſo, leave love, and flye farre from her.
He that from all infection would be free,
Muſt flye the place where the infected be.
And he that would from loves affection flye,
Muſt leave his Miſtris walkes, and not come nigh.
"Sore eyes are got by looking on ſore eyes,
"And wounds doe ſoone from new heal'd ſcarres ariſe.
As embers touch'd with ſulphures doe renew.
So will her ſight kindle freſh flames in you.
If then thou meet'ſt her, ſuffer her go by thee,
And be afraid to let her come too nigh thee:
For her aſpect will raiſe deſire in thee,
And hungry men ſcarce hold from meat they ſee.
If ere ſhe ſent thee letters, that lie by,
Peruſe them not, they'll captivate thy eye.
But lap them up, and caſt them in the fire,
And wiſh, as they waſte, ſo may thy deſire.
If ere thou ſent'ſt her token, gift, or letter,
Goe not to fetch them backe, for it is better
That ſhe detaine a little paltry pelfe,
Than thou ſhouldſt ſeeke for them, and looſe thy ſelfe.
For why? her ſight will ſo enchant thy heart,
That thou wilt looſe thy labour, Imy Art.
But if by chance there fortune ſuch a caſe,
Thou needs muſt come where ſhe ſhall be in place.

Then call to minde all parts of this diſcourſe,
For ſure thou ſhalt have need of all thy force:
Againſt thou goeſt, curle not thy head and haire,
Nor care whether thy band be foule or faire;
Nor be not in ſo neat and ſpruce array,
As if thou meanſt to make it holiday:
Neglect thy ſelfe for once, that ſhe may ſee
Her love hath now no power to worke on thee.
And if thy rivall bein preſence too,
Seeme not to marke, but do as others do.
Salute him friendly, give him gentle words,
Returne all courteſies that he affords:
Drinke to him, carve him, give him complement:
This ſhall thy Miſtris, more then thee, torment.
For ſhe will thinke by this thy careleſſe ſhow,
Thou car'ſt not now whether ſhe love or no.
But if thou canſt perſwade thy ſelfe indeed
She hath no Lover, but of thee hath need;
That no man loves her but thy ſelfe alone,
And that ſhe ſhall be loſt when thou art gone;
Thus ſooth thy ſelfe, and thou ſhalt ſeeme to be
In far more happy taking then is ſhe.
For if thou think'ſt ſhe's loved, and loves againe,
Hell fire will ſeeme more eaſie then thy paine:
But chiefly when in preſence thou ſhalt ſpie
The man ſhe moſt affecteth ſtanding by,
And ſee him graſpe her by the tender hand,
And whiſpering cloſe, or all moſt kiſſing ſtand;
When thou ſhalt doubt whether they laugh at thee,
Or whether on ſome meeting they agree;

If

If now thou canſt hold out, thou art a man,
And canſt performe more then thy teacher can:
If then thy heart can be at eaſe, and free,
I will give o er to teach, and learne of thee.
But this way I would take among them all;
I would pick out ſome Laſſe to talke withall,
Whoſe quick inventions, and whoſe nimble wit
Should buſie mine, and keep me from my fit:
My eye with all my art ſhould be a wooing,
No matter what I ſaid, ſo I were doing:
For all that while my Love ſhould think at leaſt
That I, as well as ſhe, on Love did feaſt.
And though my heart were thinking of her face,
Or her unkindnes, and my own diſgrace
Of all my preſent pains by her neglect,
Yet would I laugh, and ſeeme without reſpect:
Perchance, in envy thou ſhouldſt ſport with any,
Her beck will ſingle thee from forth of many:
But, if thou canſt, of all that preſent are,
Her conference alone thou ſhouldſt forbear.
For if her looks ſo much thy mind do trouble,
Her honied ſpeeches will diſtract thee double.
If ſhe begin once to confer with thee,
Then do as I would do, be rull'd by me.
When ſhe begins to talk, imagine ſtraight,
That now to catch thee up ſhe lies in wait.
Then call to mind ſome buſineſſe or affair,
Whoſe doubtfull iſſue takes up all thy care;
That while ſuch talk thy troubled fancies ſtirs,
Thy mind may work, and give no heed to hers
Alas, I know mens hearts, and that full ſoone,
By womens gentle words, we are undone.

If

If women ſigh, or weep, our ſoules are griev'd
Or if they ſweare they love, they are believ'd;
But truſt not thou to oathes, if ſhe ſhould ſweare,
Nor hearty ſighes, believe they dwell not there.
If ſhe ſhould grieve in earneſt or in jeſt,
Or force her arguments with ſad proteſt,
As if true ſorrow in her eye-lid ſate;
Nay, if ſhe come to weeping, truſt not that:
For know, that women can both weepe and ſmile,
With much more danger than the Crocodile.
Thinke all ſhe doth is but to breed thy paine,
And get the power to tyrannize againe.
And ſhe will beat thy heart with trouble more
Than rocks are beat with waves upon the ſhore.
Doe not complaine to her then of thy wrong,
But lock thy thoughts within thy ſilent tongue.
Tell her not why thou leav'ſt her, nor declare,
(Although ſhe aske thee) what thy torments are.
Wring not her fingers, gaze not on her eye,
From thence a thouſand ſnares and arrowes flye.
No, let her not perceive by ſighes or ſignes,
How at her deeds thy inward ſoul repines.
Seeme careleſſe of her ſpeech, and do not harke,
Anſwer by chance, as though thou didſt not marke.
And if ſhe bid thee home, ſtraight promiſe not,
Or breake thy word, as if thou hadſt forgot.
Seeme not to care whether thou come or no,
And if ſhe be not earneſt, do not goe.
Faigne thou haſt buſineſſe, and deferre the meeting,
As one that greatly car'd not for her greeting.
And as ſhe talkes, caſt thou thine eyes elſewhere,
And look among the laſſes that are there.

Compare

Compare their ſeverall beauties to her face,
Some one or other will her forme diſgrace;
On both their faces carry ſtill thy view,
Ballance them equally, in judgement true:
And when thou find'ſt the other doth excell,
(Yet that thou canſt not love it halfe ſo well)
Bluſh that thy paſſions make thee dote on her,
More than on thoſe thy judgement doth preferre;
When thou haſt let her ſpeake all that ſhe would,
Seeme as thou haſt not one word underſtood:
And when to part with thee, thou ſeeſt her bent,
Give her ſome ordinary complement,
Such as may ſeeme of courteſie, not love,
And ſo to other company remove.
This careleſnes in which thou ſeem'ſt to be,
(How ere in her) will worke this change in thee,
That thou ſhalt thinke, for uſing her ſo ſlight,
She cannot chuſe but turne her love to ſpight:
And if thou art perſwaded once ſhe hates,
Thou wilt beware, and not come neere her baits;
But though I wiſh thee conſtantly beleeve
She hates thy ſight, thy paſſions to deceive;
Yet be not thou ſo baſe, to hate her too,
That which ſeems ill in her, doe not thou doe;
'Twill indiſcretion ſeeme, and want of wit,
Where thou didſt love, to hate in ſtead of it;
And thou maiſt ſhame, ever to be ſo mated,
And joyn'd in love, with one that ſhould be hated:
Such kind of love is fit for Clowns and Hindes,
And not for debonnayre and gentle mindes;
For can there be in man a madneſſe more,
Than hate thoſe lips he wiſh'd to kiſſe before,

Or loathe to ſee thoſe eyes, or heare that voyce,
Whoſe very ſound hath made his heart rejoyce:
Such acts as theſe much indiſcretion ſhewes,
When men, from kiſſing, turne to wiſh for blowes:
And this, their owne example, ſhewes ſo naught,
That when they ſhould direct, they muſt be taught
But thou wilt ſay, for all the love I beare her,
And all the ſervice, I am ne're the neerer;
And, which thee moſt of all, doth vexe like hell,
She loves a man ne're lov'd her halfe ſo well:
Him ſhe adores, but I muſt not come at her.
Have I not then good reaſon now to hate her?
I anſwere no, for make the caſe thine owne,
And in thy glaſſe, her actions ſhall be ſhowne:
When thou thy ſelfe in love wert ſo farre gone,
Say, could'ſt thou love any but her alone?
I know thou could'ſt not, though with teares and cryes,
Theſe had made deaf thine eares, and dim thine eyes:
Would'ſt thou for this, that they hate thee againe,
If ſo thou would'ſt, then hate thy love againe:
Your faults are both alike; thou loveſt her,
And ſhe, in love, thy Rivall doth preferre:
If then her love to him, thy hate procure,
Thou ſhould'ſt for loving her, like hate indure:
Then doe not hate; for all the lines I write,
Are not addreſſ'd to turn thy love to ſpight;
But writ to draw thy doting minde from love,
That in the golden meane thy thoughts may move;
In which, when once thou find'ſt thy ſelfe at quiet,
Learne to preſerve thy ſelfe with this good diet.

SLeepe not too much, nor longer than aſleepe,
Within thy bed, thy lazie body keepe;
For when thou warme awake ſhalt feele it ſoft,
Fond cogitations will aſſaile thee oft;
Then ſtart up early, ſtudy, worke, or write,
Let labour (others toyle) be thy delight.
Eat not too much, for if thou much do'ſt eat,
Let it not be dainty, or ſtirring meat:
Abſtaine from wine, although thou thinke it good,
It ſets thy meat on fire, and ſtirres thy blood:
Vſe thy ſelfe much to bathe thy wanton limbs,
In cooleſt ſtreames, which o're the gravell ſwims:
Be ſtill in graveſt company, and flye
The wanton rabble of the younger frye,
Whoſe luſtfull tricks will lead thee to delight,
To thinke on love, where thou ſhalt periſh quite:
Come not at all, where many women are,
But, like a Bird that lately ſcap'd the ſnare,
Avoyd their gariſh beauty, flye with ſpeed,
And learne by her that lately made thee bleed:
Be not too much alone, but if alone,
Get thee ſome modeſt booke to looke upon;
But doe not reade the lines of wanton men,
Poetry ſets thy minde on fire agen:
Abſtaine from Songs, and Verſes, and take heed,
That not a line of love thou ever reade.

FINIS.

An Elegie on the Lady MARKHAM.

AS unthrifts groan in ſtraw for their pawn'd beds:
As women weep for their loſt Mayden-heads;
When both are without hope or remedy,
Such an untimely griefe I have for thee.
I never ſaw thy face, nor did my heart
Urge forth mine eyes unto it whilſt thou wert,
But being lifted hence, that which to thee
Was deaths ſad dart, prov'd Cupids ſhaft to me.
Who ever thinkes me fooliſh, that the force
Of a report can make me love a Coarſe,
Know he, that when with this I doe compare
The love I doe a living woman beare,
I find my ſelfe moſt happy: now I know
Where I can find my Miſtris; and can goe
Unto her trim'd bed, and can lift away
Her graſſe-greene Mantle, and her ſheet diſplay,
And touch her naked, and though th'envious mould
In which ſhe lies uncovered, moiſt and cold,
Strive to corrupt her, ſhe will not abide
With any Art, her blemiſhes to hide,
As many living doe, and know their need,
Yet cannot they in ſweetnes her exceed;

But

But make a ſtinke with all their art and skill,
Which their Phyſitians warrant with a bill;
Nor at her doore doth heaps of Coaches ſtay,
Foot-men and Mid-wives to barre up my way:
Nor needs ſhe any Maid or Page to keep,
To knocke me early from my golden ſleep,
With letters that her honor, all is gone,
If I not right her cauſe on ſuch a one.
Her heart is not ſo hard, to make me pay
For every kiſſe, a ſupper and a play:
Nor will ſhe ever open her pure lips,
To utter oathes enough to drowne our Ships,
To bring a plague, a famine, or the ſword,
Upon the land, though ſhe ſhould keep her word,
Yet ere an houre be paſt in ſome new vaine,
Breake them, and ſweare them double o'te againe.
Pardon me, that with thy bleſt memory,
I mingle mine owne former miſery:
Yet dare I not excuſe the fate that brought
Theſe croſſes on me, for then every thought
That tended to thy love, was blacke and foule,
Now all as pure as a new baptiz'd ſoule:
For I proteſt, for all that I can ſee,
I would not lie one night in bed with thee;
Nor am I jealous, but could well abide
My foe to lye in quiet by thy ſide.
You Wormes (my Rivalls) whilſt ſhe was alive,
How many thouſands were there that did ſtrive
To have your freedome? for their ſake forbeare,
Unſeemly holes in her ſoft skin to weare:
But if you muſt (as what Wormes can abſtaine
To taſte her tender body? yet refraine,

With your diſordered eatings to deface her,
But feed your ſelves ſo as you moſt may grace her.
Firſt, through her ear-tips ſee you make a paire
Of holes, which, as the moiſt incloſed aire
Turnes into water, may the clean drops take,
And in her ears a pair of jewels make.
Have ye not yet enough of that white skin,
The touch whereof, in times paſt, would have been
Enough t'have ranſom'd many a thouſand ſoul
Captive to Love? if not, then upward role
Your little bodies: where I would you have
This Epitaph upon her forehead grave.

Living, ſhe was young, fair, and full of wit,
Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ.

AN ELEGIE.

CAn my poore lines no better office have,
But like Scriech-owls ſtill dwell about the grave?
When ſhall I take ſome pleaſure for my paine,
By praiſing them that can yeeld praiſe againe?
When ſhall my Muſe in Love-ſick lines recite
Some Ladies worth? which ſhe of whom I write,
With thankfull ſmiles, may read in her owne dayes,
Or, when ſhall I a breathing woman praiſe?
Never; I am ambitious in my ſtrings,
They never ſound but of eternall things,
Such as free'd ſouls: but had I thought it fit
To praiſe a ſoule unto a body knit;
I would confeſſe I ſpent my time a miſſe,
When I was ſlow to give due praiſe to this.
Thus when all ſleep my time is come to ſing,
And from her aſhes muſt my Poems ſpring;
Though in the race I ſee ſome ſwiftly run,
I will not crowne them till the Goale be won.
They that have fought, not they that are to fight,
May claime the glorious Garland as their right.

A Charme.

SLeepe old man, let ſilence charme thee,
Dreaming ſlumbers overtake thee,
Quiet thoughts and darkeneſſe arme thee,
That no creaking do awake thee.

Phæbe hath put out her light,
All her ſhadowes cloſing,
Phæbe lend her Hornes to night,
To thy heads diſpoſing.

Let no fatall Bell nor Clock,
Pierce the hollow of thy eare:
Tongueleſſe be the early Cock,
Or what elſe may add a feare.

Let no Rat, nor ſilly Mouſe,
Move the ſenceleſſe Ruſhes,
Nor a cough diſturbe this houſe,
Till *Aurora* bluſhes.

Come my ſweet *Corrinna*, come;
Laugh, and leave thy late deploring:
Sable Midnight makes all dumbe,
But thy jealous husbands ſnoring.

And with thy ſweet perfumed kiſſes,
entertaine a ſtranger:
Loves delight, and ſweeteſt bliſſe, is
Got with greateſt danger.

H: H: On

this copy of verses was made by Sir Jo. Harrington [illegible] Sir Jo. Davis 1626

On the Marriage of a Beauteous young Gentlewoman, with an Ancient man.

FOndly, too curious Nature, to adorne
Aurora with the bluſhes of the Morne:
Why doe her roſie lips, breath, Gums, and Spice,
Unto the Eaſt, and ſweet to Paradice?
Why doe her eyes open the day? her hand,
And voice, entrance the Panther, and command
Incenſed winds? her Breſts, the tents of Love,
Smooth, as the godded Swan, or *Venus* Dove;
Soft, as the balmy dew, whoſe every touch,
Is pregnant, but why thoſe rich ſpoyles, when ſuch,
Wonder and perfection muſt be led,
A Bridall Captive, unto *Tithons* bed?
Ag d, and deformed *Tithon*! muſt thy twyne,
Circle and blaſt, at once, what care and time
Had made for wonder? muſt pure beauty have
No other foile, but ruine and a grave?
So have I ſeene, the pride of Natures ſtore,
The Orient Pearle, chain'd to the Sooty Moore.
So hath the Diamonds bright ray been ſet,
In night, and wedded to the Negro-Jeat.

See, ſee, how thick thoſe flowers of Pearle doe fall,
To weep her ranſome, or her funerall,
Whoſe every treaſur'd drop, congeal'd, might bring
Freedome, and Ranſome, to a fettred King;
While tyrant Wealth ſtands by, and laughes to ſee,
How he can wedde, love, and Antipathy:
Hymen, thy pine burnes with adulterate fire;
Thou and the Quiver'd boy, did once conſpire,
To mingle equall flames, and then no ſhine
Of Gold, but beauty, dreſſ'd the Paphian Shrine,
Roſes, and Lillies kiſſ'd; the Amorous Vine,
Did with the faire and ſtrait limb'd Elme entwine.

Womans Mutability.

CAtch me a Starre, that's falling from the Sky,
Cauſe an Immortall Creature feare to die,
Stop with thy hand, the Current of the Seas,
Pierce the Earths Center, to th'Antipodes,
Cauſe time returne, and call back yeſterday,
Cloathe January, like the Moneth of May:
Weigh me an ounce of flame, blow back the winde,
Then haſt thou found faith in a Womans minde.

The

The Glance.

COld vertue guard me, or I ſhall endure,
From the next Glance, a double Calenture
Of fire and luſt; two flames, two Semeleis,
Dwell in thoſe eyes, whoſe looſer glowing rayes
Would thaw the frozen Ruſſian into luſt,
And parch the Negroes hotter blood to duſt.
Dart not your Balls of Wild-fire here, goe throw
Thoſe flakes upon the Eunuches colder Snow,
Till he in active blood, doe boile as high
As he that made him ſo in Jealouſie,
When the looſe Queene of Love, did dreſſe her eyes,
In the moſt taking flame, to win the prize
At *Ida*; that faint glare to this deſire,
Burnt like a Taper, to the Zone of fire:
And could ſhe then, the luſtfull youth have crown'd,
With thee, h s *Helen*, *Troy* had never found
Her fate in *Simon's* fire, thy hotter eyes,
Had made it burne a quicker Sacrifice
To luſt, whilſt every glance in ſubtile wyles,
Had ſhot it ſelfe like lightning through the piles.
Go blow upon ſome equall blood, and let
Earths hotter ray, engender and beget
New flames to dreſſe the aged Paphians Quire,
And lend the world new *Cupids* borne on fire.

Dart no more here thoſe flames, nor ſtrive to throw
Your fire on him, who is immur'd in Snow:
Thoſe Glances worke on me, like the weake ſhine,
The froſty Sunne throwes on the Appenine:
When the hils active couldnes doth go neere,
To freeze the glimmering Taper to his Spheare:
Each ray is loſt on me, like the faint light
The Glow-worme ſhootes at the cold breſt of night.
Thus Vertue can ſecure, but for that Name,
I had been now ſins Martyr, and your flame.

A Sonnet.

FLattering hope, away, and leave me,
She'll not come, thou doſt deceive me;
Harke, the Cock crowes, th'envious light,
Chides away the ſilent night.
Yet ſhe comes not, oh how I tyre,
Betwivt cold feare, and hot deſire.

Here alone enforc'd to tarry,
While the tedious Minnutes marry,
And get houres; thoſe dayes and yeeres,
Which I count with ſighes and feares:
Yet ſhe comes not, oh how I tyre,
Betwixt cold feare, and hot deſire.

Reſtles thoughts, a while remove,
Unto the boſome of my Love,
Let her languiſh in my paine,
Feare, and hope, and feare againe;
Then let her tell me, in loves fire,
What torments like unto deſire.

Endles wiſhing, tedious longing,
Hopes and feares together thronging;

Rich

Rich in dreames, yet poore in waking,
Let her be in ſuch a taking:
Then let her tell me in loves fire,
What torment's like unto deſire.

Come then Love, prevent dayes eyeing,
My deſire would faine be dying:
Smother me with breathleſſe kiſſes,
Let me dreame no more of bliſſes;
But tell me which is in Loves fire,
Beſt to injoy, or to deſire.

True Beauty.

MAy I finde a woman faire,
And her minde as cleere as Ayre,
If her beauty goe alone,
'Tis to me as if 'twere none.

May I finde a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch:
If that pride ſhould cauſe diſdaine,
Tell me, Lover, where's thy gaine?

May I finde a woman wiſe,
And her falſehood not diſguiſe;
Hath ſhe wit, as ſhe hath will,
Double arm'd ſhe is too ill.

May I find a woman kinde,
And not wavering like the winde:
How ſhould I call that Love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I finde a woman true,
There is Beauties faireſt hue;
There is Beauty, Love, and Wit,
Happy he can compaſſe it.

The Indifferent.

NEver more will I proteſt,
To love a Woman, but in jeſt:
For as they cannot be true,
So, to give each man his due,
When the woing fit is paſt,
Their affection cannot laſt.

Therefore if I chance to meet,
With a Miſtris, faire and ſweet,
She my ſervice ſhall obtaine,
Loving her for Love againe:
Thus much liberty I crave,
Not to be a conſtant ſlave.

But when we have try'd each other,
If ſhe better like another,
Let her quickly change for me,
Then to change am I as free.
He or ſhe, that loves too long,
Sell their freedome for a ſong.

Loves

WHy ſhould man be only ty'd,
To a fooliſh Female thing?
When all Creatures elſe beſide,
Birds and Beaſts, change every Spring.
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?

Why ſhould I, my ſelfe confine,
To the limits of one place?
When I have all *Europe* mine,
Where I liſt to run my race.
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?

Would you thinke him wiſe, that now,
Still one ſort of meat doth eat?
When both Sea, and Land allow
Sundry ſorts of other meat.
Who would then ſo one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?

Ere old *Saturn* chang'd his Throne,
Freedome raign'd, and baniſh'd ſtrife,
Where was he that knew his owne,
Or who call'd a Woman wife?
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found?

Ten times happier are thoſe men,
That enjoy'd thoſe Golden dayes:
Untill time redreſſ't againe,
I will never *Hymen* praiſe.
Who would then to one be bound,
When ſo many may be found.

H. L.

A

On the Life of Man.

LIke to the falling of a Starre,
Or as the flights of Eagles are,
Or like the freſh Springs gaudy hue,
Or Silver drops of Morning deaw,
Or like a winde that chafes the flood,
Or Bubbles which on water ſtood.
Even ſuch is Man, whoſe borrowed light,
Is ſtrait call'd in, and paid to night:
The winde blowes out, the Bubble dies,
The Spring intomb'd, in Autumne lies:
The dewes dry'd up, the Starre is ſhot,
The flight is paſt, and man forgot.

On Francis Beaumonts *death.*

HE that had Youth, and Friends, and ſo much Wit
As would aske five good Wits to husband it:
He that hath wrote ſo well, that no man dare
Refuſe it for the beſt, let him beware,
Beaumont is dead, by which our Art appeares,
Wit's a diſeaſe conſumes one in few yeares.

An Elegie upon Maſter Francis Beaumont.

Beaumont lies here, and where now ſhall wee have,
A muſe like his, to ſigh upon his grave?
Ah none to weepe this with a worthy teare,
But he that cannot, *Beaumont*, that lies here;
Who now ſhall pay this tomb with ſuch a verſe,
As thou that Ladies did ſt, faire *Rudlands* herſe:
A monument that will then laſting be,
When all her marble is more duſt then ſhe:
In thee all's loſt, a ſudden dearth and want
Hath ſeiz d on witt, good Epitaphs are ſcant:
We dare not write thy Elegy, for each feares
He neer'e ſhall match a copy of thy teares;
Scarſe yet in age a Poet, and yet he,
Scarſe lives the third part of his age to ſee;
But quickly taken off, and onely knowne,
Is in a minute ſhutt, as ſoone as blowne.
Why ſhould weake nature tyre her ſelfe in vaine,
In ſuch a peece, and caſt it ſtraight againe?
Why ſhould ſhe take ſuch worke beyond her skill,
And when ſhe cannot perfect, ſhe muſt kill;
Alas what i'ſt to temper ſlime and myre.
Then's nature puſſeld, when the work's intyre:
Great braines, like bright glaſſe, crackle ſtraight, while
Of ſtone and wood hold out, and fear no blowes: thoſe)
And we their ancient hoary heads can ſee,
Whoſe wit was never their mortality.
Beaumont dies young, ſo *Sydney* died before,
There was not Poetry, he could live no more,

He could not grow up higher, nay, I ſcarſe know,
If th'art it ſelfe unto that pitch could grow,
Wer't not in thee, who hadſt arrived to th' height
Of all that art could reach or nature might.
Oh, when I read thoſe excellent things of thine,
Such ſtrength, ſuch ſweetneſſe, couch'd in every lyne;
Such life of fancy, ſuch high choiſe of braine,
Nought of the vulgar mint, or borrowed ſtraine;
Such paſſions, ſuch expreſſions, meet mine eye,
Such wit untainted with obſcenity:
And theſe ſo unaffectedly expreſt,
But all in a pure flowing language dreſt;
So new, ſo freſh, ſo nothing trod upon,
And all ſo borne within thy ſelfe, thine owne:
I greive not now that old *Meanders* veine
Is ruined, to ſurvive in thee againe:
Such in his tyme was he, of the ſame peice,
The ſmooth, even naturall wit, and love of Greece:
Whoſe few ſententious fragments ſhew more worth,
Then all the Poets *Athens* ere brought forth:
And I am ſorry I have loſt thoſe howers,
On them whoſe quickneſſe comes farre ſhort of ours;
And dwelt not more on thee, whoſe every page
May be a patterne to their ſcæne and age:
I will not yeild thy worth ſo meane a praiſe,
More pure, more chaſt, more ſainted then are playes:
Nor with that dull ſupinenes to be read,
To paſſe a fire, or laugh an hower in bed:
How do the Muſes ſuffer every where?
Taken in ſuch mouthes, cenſur'd in ſuch eares,
That twixt a whiffe, a lyne or two rehearſe,
And with their Rheume together, ſpawle a verſe:

Tis

Tis all a Punies leaſure after play,
Drink and Tobacco, it may ſpend the day;
Whilſt even their very idleneſſe they thinke,
Is loſt in theſe, that looſe their times in drinke:
Pitty their dulneſſe; we that better know,
Will a more ſerious hower on thee beſtow;
Why ſhould not *Beaumont* in the morning pleaſe,
As well as *Plautus*, *Ariſtophanes*?
Who if my pen may as my faults be free,
Were humble wits, and Buffons both to thee:
Yet thoſe our learned of ſevereſt brow,
Will deigne to looke on, and ſo note them too,
That will defie our owne, his engliſh ſtuffe,
And th'author is not rotten long enough:
Alas how ill are they compar'd to thee,
In thy *Philaſter*, or maides Tradegie?
Where's ſuch a humour as thy *Beſſus*? nay,
Let them put all their treaſures in one play,
He ſhall out bid them; their conceit was poore,
All in the circle of a Bawd or whore,
A cooſining —— take the fool away,
And not a good jeſt extant in a play:
Yet theſe are wits; their old, that's it, and now
Being Greeke, or Latine, they are learning too:
But thoſe their own times were content to allow
A thriftier fame, and thine is loweſt now,
But thou ſhalt live, and when thy name is growne
Six ages elder, ſhalt be better knowne:
When th'art of *Chaucers* ſtanding in thy tombe,
Thou ſhalt not ſhame, but take up all his roome.

I: Earle

An Epitaph

HEre ſhe lies, whoſe ſpotleſſe fame,
Invites a Stone to learne her Name:
The rigid Spartane, that denied,
An Epitaph to all that died,
Unleſſe for warre, on charity
Would here vouchſafe an Elegie:
She died a Wife, but yet her minde,
Beyond Virginity refind'd.
From lawles fire remain'd as free,
As now from heat, her aſhes be:
Her husband, yet without a ſinne,
Was not a ſtranger, but her kinne,
That her chaſte Love, might ſeeme no other
To her husband, than a Brother.
Keep well this pawne, thou Marble Cheſt,
Till it be call'd for, let it reſt;
For while this Jewell, her is ſet,
The grave is like a Cabinet.

A

A Sonnet.

Like a Ring, without a Finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer;
Like a horſe was never ridden,
Or a Feaſt, and no Gueſt bidden;
Like a Well, without a Bucket,
Or a Roſe if no man plucke it.
Juſt ſuch as theſe, may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, neere loves, but dies a Maid.

The Ring, if worne, the Finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer, ſpeakes:
The horſe doth eaſe, if he be ridden,
The Feaſt doth pleaſe, if Gueſts be bidden;
The Bucket drawes the water forth,
The Roſe when pluck't, is ſtill moſt worth.
Such is the Virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like to a Stock not grafted on,
Or like a Lute not play'd upon;
Like a Jack without a weight,
Or a Barque without a fraight:
Like a Locke, without a Key,
Or a Candle in the day.
Juſt ſuch as theſe, may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, neere loves, but dies a Maid.

The

The grafted Stock doth beare beſt fruit,
There's muſicke in the fingered Lute:
The weight doth make the Jack go ready,
The fraught doth make the Barque go ſteddy;
The Key the Lock doth open right,
The Candle's uſefull in the night.
Such is the Virgin, in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like a Call, without a non ſir,
Or a Queſtion, and no anſwer:
Like a Ship was never rigg'd,
Or a Myne was never digg'd:
Like a Wound without a Tent,
Or Sivett boxe without a ſcent.
Juſt ſuch as theſe, may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, nere loves, but dies a Maid,

Th'Anon ſir doth obey the Call,
The Queſtion anſwered, pleaſeth all:
Who riggs a Ship, ſailes with the Winde,
Who digs a Myne doth treaſure finde:
The Wound by wholeſome Tent hath eaſe,
The boxe perfum'd, the Senſes pleaſe,
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like Marrow bone was never broken,
Or Commendations, and nō Token:
Like a Fort, and none to win it,
Or like the Moone, and no man in it;

Like

Like a Schoole without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit, and no Preacher,
Juſt ſuch as theſe, may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, nere loves, but dies a Maid.

The broken Marrow bone is ſweet,
The token doth adorne the greet;
There's triumph in the Fort, being woon,
The man rides glorious in the Moone;
The Schoole is by the teacher ſtill'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd.
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd:
Like the Gold was never tryed,
Or the Ground unoccupied;
Like a Houſe that's not poſſeſſed,
Or the Booke was never preſſed.
Juſt ſuch as theſe may ſhe be ſaid,
That lives, nere loves, but dies a Maid.

The Bird in Cage, doth ſweetly ſing,
Due Seaſon prefers every thing:
The Gold that's try'd from droſſe is pur'd,
There's profit in the ground mannur'd:
The Houſe is by poſſeſſion graced,
The Booke when preſſ'd, is then embraced,
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, ere ſhe dies.

FINIS.

509 BEAUMONT (FRANCIS) POEMS. By Francis Beaumont, Gent. Viz The Hermaphrodite. The Remedie of Love. Elegies. Sonnets, with other Poems, FIRST EDITION, *calf gilt, g. e.*

sm. 4to. Printed by Richard Hodgkinson for W. W. and Laurence Blaikelocke, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sugar-loafe next Temple Bar in Fleet street, 1640

*** A—B in fours. Corser's copy. For an account of the volume see his "Collectanea," part 2, pp. 227-29, and Dyce's edit. of Beaumont and Fletcher, xi. 441-42. A MS. note at the beginning of "The Hermaphrodite" states that this poem was claimed by Cleaveland as a conjunct performance between himself and Randolph. VERY RARE.